

NUMBER 27

"What is the best remedy for the cur-
(Continued on eighth page.)

Horticultural.

STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Continuation of the Report of the Lansing Summer Meeting.

Prof. Cook introduced three of the students of his classes at the Agricultural College, each one of whom had prepared a paper on insect pests which infest the current, such as the gooseberry saw fly and the imported currant-borer. Mr. Parker followed with notes on the Aphid on plant louse. Mr. Gillett read a paper on "Mites." These papers were all illustrated with diagrams of the various insects referred to at different times in their lives, and a report of them could not be made interesting without illustrations. The papers were well received, and the authors warmly commended.

A short discussion on the curculio followed, but nothing new was elicited. President Lyon spoke of the dropping of the leaves of fruit trees as having been very prevalent for the past two or three seasons, and inquired the reason. The replies showed the reason was not well understood.

Mr. Temara, a resident of Japan, and now a student at the Agricultural College, read a paper on the Japanese Persimmon, describing the different varieties, methods of culture, and the various ways in which they were used. He had some samples of the fruit dried and preserved in grape sugar, looking very similar to preserved citron. They tasted rather insipid, but may be more appetizing if prepared in some other way for the table. Mr. Temara read his paper himself, and it must have been a severe task to undertake the reading of a long paper in a language to which until recently he must have been a stranger.

Secretary Garfield announced that he had received the following letter from Jacob Garzanti, the well known fruit-grower of Ann Arbor.

DEAR FRIEND GARFIELD—You ask me to send a leaf, if I cannot be present for the Lansing meeting. I should be very glad to attend this gathering, but my spare time for the present was exhausted by my recent trip to Washington, attending the National Viticultural Association, and I will send you a few leaves from the proceedings of that meeting. I was the only one representing our grand state, but I hope in the near future many others will join the organization, and thus do justice to our grape interest.

You are aware that the grape growers between the two oceans were brought together for the first time, and for the purpose of promoting a great national industry. The time has arrived that an interest of such magnitude should have an organized body, the National Viticultural Association, which will be required to protect the interests of the grape grower, and it is proper that such legislation is guided by a national society. The meetings and exhibits were held in one of the Department of Agriculture buildings, the Hon. N. J. Colman takes such a live interest in the advancement of grape growing. He leaves nothing undone he can do to promote its interests and progress. The exercises were begun with a very able address by him. He gave a high estimate on the value of the grape as both a medicine and food, and believe grape cures should in the future abound all over our country, as they do in France and Germany. Our soil and climate favor the production of the grape, and it is occasionally, and so cheap, so that all who do not grow it themselves, can enjoy it at a moderate cost, and thus secure its benefit both as a health giving article and food.

The paper was followed with a valuable paper on "Grapes and Grape Must," the pure unfermented juice of the grape as a food, and as a medicine, by Mr. George Dewey, of New York. Thus, with the perfection of the organization, the President of the National Viticultural Association, the Hon. N. J. Colman, on the second day Col. Alexander H. Pearson, President of the New Jersey State Horticultural Society, on "Experiments in Viticulture." This was an unusually instructive paper. The Colonel gave his 40 years' experience with the grape, and summed up the experiments made during the last two centuries. He favors planting vines in a hole made four feet deep and four feet square, filling up the same with lime to the top, and the new growth permits. The object of this deep planting is to overcome the severe droughts they are subject to in the deep sandy soil of New Jersey. For pruning and training the vine he recommends two short pieces of new wood trained as arms on a wire placed two feet from the ground. The grape root can be prevented, he claimed, by spreading a sheet over the vine, of about two feet wide. Paper bags, he says, will also prevent the rot if put on in time. He put on 100,000 of them in one season. But both of these remedies he finds too expensive for vineyard purposes, and looks for cheaper remedies. It was said that grapes which had been bagged, sold for one cent more per pound, on account of superior flavor and appearance. Mr. Pearson, President of the Virginia State Grape Growers' Association, also read a very interesting paper on the grape at the same session. Both papers were thoroughly discussed. It was maintained that different sections and soils develop varieties of grapes peculiarly adapted to the soil, and that it is better to plant the same variety and expect success on all soils and different sections. It was even claimed by some that boundary lines have divided varieties, or in other words the vineyard on each side did not produce the same grape with equal success. The celebrated vineyard of the Johannesberg, in Germany, was cited as an instance of this fact. It will be thus seen that the many new varieties of grapes now being originated in the different parts of our country, and introduced for dissemination, can not be relied upon to succeed equally as well in other sections than they were originated. Past experience has abundantly proved this, and to the sad and expensive experience of many. On the ground they were papers and discussions, prominent among which was one by the Hon. Samuel Miller, of Missouri, the veteran grape grower, on "How to Bring New Varieties of Grapes Early into Bearing," so as to test their merits in the shortest possible time. Grafting on to small pieces of roots, the size of a lead pencil, and starting over bottom heat, was one method recommended. This method I have tried myself as much as 25 years ago, and with marked success. Another way was to graft on to bearing vines, when grafts can be secured large enough. By this way fruit can often be secured in the second year. This subject brought out an exhaustive discussion on grafting the grape and changing the entire vineyard to another variety. In California they often graft 100 acres in one season. Fully 90 per cent of the grafts grow. They graft on the old Mission grape, stocks often very nearly four inches in diameter at the surface of the ground. In such cases, where the stock

is so thick, a piece is taken out of the stem, and the graft is fitted to it, and thus from four to six grafts are often put in one stock. This course is considered necessary in order to balance the root growth more fully. Small stocks, however, are split, and when very thick are strong strings put around to hold the cion. The operation is done a few inches below the surface, and afterward filled in so as to cover the graft up to the upper bud. Waxing or any other cover is not deemed necessary, where the cut can be thoroughly covered with earth. Mr. Caywood, of New York, winds most around the graft, and has a boy with water to go over and wet the moss occasionally to keep the graft damp. Mr. Butler, of New York, who has a vineyard of 150 acres, also spoke of his success in grafting the grape. The weaker growers are worked on the stronger ones and the bunches of fruit grapes are thus often increased one third. A paper from P. O. T. V. Munson, of Texas, was also read on "American Grapes." Mr. Scribner, professor of botany, and employed by the agricultural department to investigate diseases of fruits, read an interesting paper on the diseases of the grapes. The professor is considered from what has already been said of this disease, that in a very short time, we will learn to effectively prevent this now widespread and fatal disease. On the last day fourth and the delegates were invited to visit the President at the White House, where we all went in a body, and received a cordial welcome by the chief magistrate of the nation. We were all individually introduced by Commissioner Co'man. After this pleasant visit, the grape-men were photographed as a body, and will likely appear in *Harper's Weekly*. The session was then again resumed, when instructive papers were again read and discussed. Mr. Wetmore, of California, the elected president of the association, closed the meeting with an appropriate address. During the session, the members of the association were taken up to be presented to Congress, prohibiting the adulteration of American wines. A committee was also appointed to memorialize Congress to create a bureau of viticulture in the Department of Agriculture. The evening session in the Mason Hall, for the sampling of American wines and raisins. The grape men here had a good opportunity to make personal acquaintance, and to enjoy a good social time. Several hundred gentlemen and ladies were thus assembled, and a everything went off merrily and happily. On the last evening of the occasion, the members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives were invited to attend, and many of the gentlemen responded. The society took up the holding the next meeting again in Washington. The organization is destined to grow into a powerful one, and there is every reason to believe that it will accomplish the end in view. With the above I will close my report, and you by abundant success at your meeting, and I will send you a few leaves from the proceedings of that meeting. I was the only one representing our grand state, but I hope in the near future many others will join the organization, and thus do justice to our grape interest.

After the meeting had been called to order, President Lyon read the following short paper on "Cherries," the first topic for discussion:

Among the cherries usually submitted to cultivation, there are as usually designated, three distinct classes—Morellos, Dubauts, and Black Tartarians.

In the nursery the usual mode of propagation is by budding; which, in the case of the cherry, which inclines to complete its growth early in the season, is usually in June or July; as soon as the young P. S. C. grafts are made. Occasionally, however, resort is had to grafting; which must be done very early in spring; before the slightest movement of the sap; when it may be done with a good degree of success; grafting upon roots, which is the method occasionally attempted, but never, so far as we know, with any considerable success.

It seems to be common practice in most nurseries, especially at the east, to work the several classes of cherries indiscriminately on Mazzard seedlings, generally at two years old; but at the west, where this stock lacks hardiness, resort is had to Morello seedlings, on which the Morello varieties are worked; planting of cherries in the prairie states being almost wholly confined to this class of cherries. The Mahaleb, or European Bird cherry, is largely employed as a stock on which all varieties are worked, for the purpose of dwarfing; although we have failed to discover any marked effect of this character from its use; unless at the same time shortening the annual growths, and perhaps root pruning, are resorted to in aid of this object. The Duke varieties, and even the Mazzards, are occasionally worked on the Mahaleb stock for the purpose; with the effect to perhaps slightly improve their hardiness, and at the same time to increase their productiveness. If we except the plum, the cherry is perhaps more difficult of propagation than any other of our more common fruits; hence more or less experience is well nigh indispensable to even a moderate degree of success.

Mr. Harrison, of Painesville, Ohio, sent a short note, in which he said he was sorry that ever since 1876, when they had suffered severely in the winter, Heart, a sweet cherry, had not been planted to any extent.

President Lyon spoke of the excellence of the sweet cherry for culinary purposes.

Prof. Cook endorsed what the President had said, and added that they were excellent for canning.

Secretary Garfield reported his experience with low branch trees, and recommended them because the fruit could be picked so much more readily.

President Lyon said the cherry could not succeed on cultivated ground, used for other crops. He always found that a lot of suckers came up when the ground was cultivated, and the roots broken by the plow, while in grass they were always healthy and free from suckers.

On the subject of "Birds and Cherries," Prof. Satterlee opened with a plea for the birds; but there were too many on the other side for the Professor to accomplish much.

Prof. Cook spoke of the insect enemies of the cherry, such as the curculio, lice and slug. He said the application of road dust would not do for the latter, it required pyrethrum.

"Cucumbers" were discussed a little by Prof. W. W. Tracy, of which Prof. L. H. Bailey, Jr., read short papers. Mr. J. C. Duffy presented one on "Hot-houses," giving details and diagram of one heated with hot air; C. L. Hisebaugh a paper on "Landscape Gardening," and Austin F. Pettit one on "Results of Experimental Grafting." The latter we will give in full in the next Farmer.

The committee on exhibits made a short report through their chairman, Mr. Hewitt, after which the committee on

resolutions offered the following, which were adopted:

Your committee on resolutions respectfully submit the following report:

WHEREAS, The summer meeting of the Society has been, upon invitation of Capital Grange, P. of H., held in the city of Lansing, and has proved both a pleasant and a profitable one, it is hereby

Resolved, That the thanks of this society are due and are hereby extended to the officers and members of Capital Grange for their kind invitation and the use of their commodious hall as a place of meeting.

Resolved, That the thanks of this society are also due to the several members of the faculty and a number of the students of the Agricultural College, who by their presence and assistance have contributed so largely to make this meeting a success. In this connection we would respectfully suggest that the State should take early action to place the Horticultural Department of the College in the position demanded by its importance, supplying it with all needed facilities to bring it up to the highest degree of efficiency. The importance of the horticultural industry of Michigan can hardly be overrated, and the high reputation acquired by the State should certainly be maintained in the future.

ROBERT GIBBONS, WILLIAM W. TRACY.

The Society then adjourned sine die.

Cherry Culture.

At the recent meeting of the California State Horticultural Society cherry growing proved one of the leading subjects of interest. The discussion was opened by a paper on cherry culture in California by Mr. L. Coates, of Napa. In this paper the Mazzard was called the best stock on which to bud or graft the cultivated varieties in California. The preferred soil is a well drained one of sandy or gravelly nature.

Mr. Coates assumed that the cherry tree requires judicious and systematic pruning to render it long lived and productive. Taking the Black Tartarian as a type of upright growers, he advises that this sort be allowed to branch almost from the ground and pruned to outward-growing buds, with the centre being always kept open. Taking the Napoleon Bigarreau as a type of cherry tree that forms a loose-spreading head, this variety should have its head started higher and be pruned to upward and also inward growing buds. When the trees are young and vigorous he prunes not later than June, unless they are bearing fruit, when he prunes as soon as the crop is gathered.

W. W. Smith, Yacarlito, described his plan for packing the fruit for long shipment. He employs the ordinary cherry box holding nine pounds of fruit. This is made with sides of two slats. There are also open cracks top and bottom that admit air to the centre of the fruit. Strips of mosquito bar netting are placed inside the box to cover over the cracks, and at the top is placed a sheet of absorbing paper similar to blotting paper, which absorbs the moisture from the fruit. He picks the Black Tartarian for shipping when it is of a light mahogany color.

Mr. R. Williamson, Placer County, named the Royal Ann as one of the best shippers. The Black Oregon, or Republican as it is also called, is an excellent shipper. Napoleon Bigarreau and Royal Ann, believed by some to be the same variety, he pronounced entirely different sorts.

Summer Pruning Vines.

Nothing is more common than to allow grapevines to grow without attention, letting the new growth of wood and leaves run together and over each other and to fall down over the fruit. When this has gone on until July or August, arises in the mind of the would-be cultivator, a thought that something should be done; he starts in with a large knife—if he fails to have a sickle or grass-knife, in which case that is used—and an indiscriminate shearing is made, cutting away two-thirds of all the new growth, and often leaving the fruit exposed without a single leaf beyond it on the stem.

This is done with the absurd idea that it is necessary to expose the fruit to the sun to ripen it. All growth depends upon the leaf of a plant, not only that of the stem, but the flowers and the fruit; the ripening process is wholly dependent upon the leaves; denude a plant of leaves permanently and that is the end of all life in it. Every process of the plant, from the first movement in the spring throughout its entire growth, including the blooming, a setting of the fruit, its gradual increase to full maturity, and ripening, all depend upon the leaves. When this is understood it will be perceived what a pernicious practice is that of removing a large portion of the foliage of grapevines. And yet this practice has been widely adopted, and it is not improbable that some who may read these lines will have already this summer so treated their vines, or are intending to do so.

What, then, is summer pruning, which is so often mentioned? It consists of several operations. The first is merely rubbing off the swelling buds in the spring, when they are judged to be in excess. Some skillful vine growers never go beyond this, being able to regulate the entire growth of the season by timely attention before the leaves appear. If, however, disbudbing, as the above described operation is called, has been neglected, and growth has commenced, the young shoots but a few inches in length can be removed to the extent thought best, leaving only as many canes to grow and bear as the vine is thought able to sustain. Thousands of acres of vineyards, in fact the great body of them in this country, have no other summer pruning than this. The new canes as they grow are tied up, or are allowed to droop over, according to the general method of pruning and training adopted, and the whole of it is preserved, never removing a leaf. But summer pruning is carried further by some, and consists in stopping the growth of the young canes by pinching with thumb and finger the tender growing point, thus stopping its extension. The general rule observed in pinching is to stop the growth at the third leaf beyond the last bud of fruit. After this has been done the uppermost bud, the one in the axil of the last leaf, will rapidly swell and start, sending out a new shoot; after this has made two or three leaves

pinching is again resorted to, and this is usually sufficient to keep the growth within the limits of the trellis. The object is to leave sufficient foliage for the perfect action of the vine, and yet to hold it so in check that while the trellis is covered it does not much overlap, the whole being fully exposed to the sun. This method of pinching is pursued usually on vines that are spur pruned, and which, consequently, have a great number of growing shoots. Careful training is required to enable one to employ it judiciously and with beneficial results. We shall be pleased to hear from those of our readers who are interested in grape growing, giving account of their modes of pruning and training.—*Vick's Magazine*.

Profits of Pear-Growing in France.

Our Paris correspondent writes as follows: "The valley of Montmorency, close to Paris, exports to England 100 tons of pears annually at the price of 10 to 16 fr. per cwt.; they are packed in osten chaff, in baskets of one hundred weight. In Belgium the 'koolstock' (kail runt) from the small town of Looz, in Limbourg, fetches sales of 100,000 fr. of pears yearly for the London market. Purchases are effected in the month of May, when the trees are in flower, the half of the stipulated price being paid in advance. The mean price is 15 fr. per cwt. A single pear tree pays the whole rent of a garden. The pears from Flemish Touraine are so reputed that they readily sell in Russia for five fr. each. There is a cooking pear called *Cure*, good for table and cooking, which at the rate of 50 trees, scattered over an acre, produces 1,200 fr., and this not taking into account the forage resped, or the vegetables raised as well. Pear tree planting on public road sides, so general in Saxony, is now making way in France. It is the hard, cooking, and perry-making variety, which is preferred. The branches of the tree grow upwards, no small advantage for such purposes."

To Kill Currant Worms.

A writer in the *Rural Home* says: I see so many complaints expressed in your paper of the destruction of small fruits by the ravages of the currant worm that I feel impelled to inform your readers how to save bushes and fruit without resorting to poisonous substances, which impair the perfection and flavor very materially, in my estimation. I have used the following remedy for ten years with perfect success:

From the 1st to the 5th of June these pests invariably appear to feed upon the leaves. Take a pail full of strong, cold soft soap suds, sprinkle thoroughly, either with hand or syringe, every part of the bushes, turning the bushes down so that the suds may reach both sides of the leaves; do this every other morning for three mornings. After the third application there will not be a worm left. The washing will improve the bushes and the currants will be perfect in quality and flavor. The same process will be necessary in August, to kill the second brood, which will appear at that time.

If leached ashes are applied to the roots in May, the worms will not appear, and they greatly benefit the bushes, stimulating them to more vigorous growth. The August brood, however, will have to be treated to a bath of soap suds. To this, everybody, and you will be surprised at the result.

Care of Cherry Trees.

P. M. Augur advises for mature-bearing cherry trees a liberal dressing of some special complete manure every year. Young trees should have only moderate shallow culture, with a good mulch, the culture to be omitted as soon as the trees are established. He protects the trunks of young trees with strips of old cloth tied from the head to the base the first two seasons.

When attacked by aphids, the trees should be sprayed with a kerosene emulsion. If black, gummy spots appear on either trunk or branches, it is advised to apply to the affected parts a bandage poultice composed of five parts of fresh cow manure and one part of flour of sulphur, thoroughly mixed. As a preventive to disease, Mr. Augur washes the trunk and main branches of his trees in the spring with the following mixture: A pail of common white or lime wash, one pint of soft soap and one pound of sulphur.

THE Paw Paw Courier recently referred to an extensive cherry orchard owned by Mr. L. Martin, between that place and Lawton. This season, it says, the orchard presented a most beautiful sight with its 700 trees, every branch of which was laden with the luscious fruit. During the picking season from 100 to 150 pickers are employed. The estimated yield of the crop is 1,200 bushels. This is the largest cherry orchard in the State, and its fruit always commands a fancy price.

An Indiana farmer's wife found the supply of squashes in the cellar showing signs of immediate decay. She cut out the best parts, put the pieces in the oven and baked them, scraped out the inside and dried it on plates in the oven. When she "hankered after" squash pies, she soaked the dried squash in milk and proceeded as with dried pumpkin pies.

Horticultural Notes.

THE Zante currants for sale in the grocer's, is not generally known, are small grapes—a kind of raisin, indeed. It is stated that no less than 19,114 tons were brought to the United States from Mediterranean ports the past year.

MR. J. B. WOODWARD holds that no man has a moral, nor should be permitted a legal, right to allow his orchard to become a nursery for cancer worms and codling moths, to the continuance of the species and the destruction of his neighbors' fruit. He should be compelled to destroy the insects or to cut down the trees.

THE New Zealand Government are determined to prevent that terrible scourge amongst orchards, the codling moth, from being introduced into that colony. Upon the arrival at Auckland recently of a steamer from Melbourne with a cargo of 477 cases of fruit (apples and pears), the consignment, on inspection, was found infected with the moth. The authorities had received advance that the fruit on the steamer named was infected, and consequently on the steamer's arrival the fruit was inspected, and as a result orders were given to the agents of the steamer that none of the fruit was to be landed.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Husbandman* says: I have cabbage aphid, *Aphis brassicae*, sometimes infests cabbage plants in great numbers. Those "lousy" cabbages as they are called, are almost always plants that have been enfeebled in their growth from some cause, and are consequently lacking in vigor. Such plants when attacked by aphids lose their bright green, turn of a bluish cast, the leaves curl into irregular shapes, and the lower ones turn black and drop off, while the ground beneath appears covered with the casts or bodies of the insects, as with a grayish white powder. These insects are to be regarded rather as the effect than the cause of the disease. Owing to their wonderful fecundity, there is little use trying to destroy them. Plants that are much infested had better be pulled and destroyed. Where the pests only appear in moderate numbers, the plants may be sprinkled with alkali-laced time, which will check their multiplication in a degree. The hoe and cultivator thoroughly used among the plants will often cause them to disappear entirely.

"In France and Germany," writes Mr. Corn hill, to an English paper, "one sees no such worn-out trees smothered with moss and lichen, and presenting so miserable and neglected an aspect as to suggest the thought that apple culture must be a lost art in this country. On the contrary every tree gets the yearly attention it needs; no worn-out ones are allowed to cumber the ground, and a French or a German apple orchard invariably bears the mark of thrifty care, indicating that the lessons given over a period of years have not been lost. In Wurtemberg the roads are as remarkable for their good keeping as the fruit trees which border them are for their excellent condition. The way wardens there have to serve a certain time in the Pomological Institute at Reutlingen, so that they are as capable of planting and tending a fruit tree as of making or repairing a road. One passes there for miles over capital roads lined with thrifty fruit trees, a sight as cheering as that of our old neglected plantations is depressing. In a French provincial garden you are sure to see some well-trained fruit trees, if there is nothing else noteworthy."

HALE'S HONEY is the best Cough Cure, 25, 50c, \$1. GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP heats and beautifies, 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions, 25c. HILL'S HAIR & WHISKER DYE—Black & Brown, 25c. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 Minute, 25c. DEAN'S RHEUMATIC PILLS are a sure cure, 50c.

Apianarian.

To Bee-Keepers.

Cook's Manual of the Apiary is a necessity to every one interested in bee-keeping. To the beginner it is invaluable, and should be frequently consulted. We have arranged to send this book and the FARMER to one address for \$2.50, and hope a number of the young bee-keepers of the State who have not got the book will secure it at the reduced price in this way.

Dividing for Increase.

Frank L. Dougherty, in the *Indiana Farmer*, tells how to manage bees for the increase:

"The proper time to make a division is just about the time the bees have begun preparations to cast a natural swarm. This can only be determined of course by examination of the frames. If, on opening the hive, you find queen-cells are being built, you know, of course, what to expect; although cells may be started and afterwards abandoned, but if on examination you find eggs or young larvae in the queen-cell, it is hardly necessary to wait longer, but make the division at once. In natural swarming, the old bees, with the queen, constitute the cluster, consequently the division should be made to follow this rule as near as practicable. To do this open the hive near the middle of the day, take out one frame of bees, brood, honey, and the old queen, place this in the new hive, remove the old hive to a new location, setting the new hive where the old one formerly stood. Bees know little of the hive, but are governed by the location. The bees that are in the fields and all the old bees in the hive removed, as they go out will return to the old location and enter the new hive; thus throwing the working bees into the new hive where the work is to be identical with that of natural swarming."

CALIFORNIA'S honey crop for 1885 is estimated at 1,500,000 lbs.; 8,800 cases were exported to foreign countries.

G. W. DODDLETT says the best way to purify wax is to add to every 10 pounds of wax one quart of water and one pint of good vinegar. When all is melted strain and put it in a warm place so that it will cool slowly. When cold, scrape the dirt from the bottom where it will be found all together, leaving the wax clean and nice.

THE Canadian Bee-keeper says a hive which has held brood may be disinfected by inverting it over a fire until it is scorched inside.

"BASSWOOD" honey is hereafter to be known in Canada as "Linden" honey; a committee appointed to take the question of name under advisement has so decided. It will taste exactly as it did under the name basswood.

It sounds like a tale to be taken *cum grano salis*, but the statement is authoritatively made that James Heddon, of Dowagiac, once secured 20 lbs. 13 ozs. of unripe extracted honey as the result of a single day's gathering of a single colony!

MR. JAMES HEDDON, at the Bee-keepers' Convention held in Detroit last December said: "The proper time to reverse brood-combs is when the bees are rearing large quantities of brood, and desire to increase the size of the brood-nest. To reverse the brood-combs late in the season, when they are contracting the brood-nest, will cause the brood-nest to be filled with honey all the faster. Sections should be reversed when the bees are inclined to store honey in them; if done after the bees cease storing honey in them, it will hasten the removal of the honey to the cells."

FOR SALE BY H. J. Jones, Real Estate Agent, 1000 Broadway, N. Y.

EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a decree granted to the undersigned on the 15th day of September, 1885, by the Probate Court for the County of Wayne, in the matter of the estate of Hugh B. McIntyre deceased, we shall on the 30th day of August, 1886, commencing at ten o'clock A. M., sell at public auction to the highest bidder the Gravel Street entrance of the City Hall in Detroit, all the interests of said deceased in lot one (1) of block "A" of the Thompson Farm (to be known as lot twenty-two (22) and twenty-two (22) on the west side of Twelfth Street, Detroit, between Foster and Baker Streets. For information apply to the undersigned or their Attorneys, Atkinson & Atkinson, 19 Bowland Street, Detroit, Mich.

ALEXANDER MCGAGGART, DONALD MCGAGGART, Executors of the estate of Hugh B. McIntyre, deceased.

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ALEXANDER MCGAGGART, DONALD MCGAGGART, Executors of the estate of Hugh B. McIntyre, deceased.

FOR SALE BY H. J. Jones, Real Estate Agent, 1000 Broadway, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NURSERY STOCK FALL 1886

The Old and Reliable SYRACUSE NURSERIES. Come to the Front for the Fall of '86

With the choicest stock of their specialties, STANLEY AND APPLE, STYD AND DWARF PEARS, PLUMS and CHERRIES ever offered to the public. All Young Thistles and Well Rooted. Also a very superior assortment of GENERAL NURSERY STOCK both FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL. All Nurseries and Dealers are cordially invited to inspect this superior stock or to correspond with us, before placing their orders for the coming Fall.

Wm. WATSON, ALBERT SMITH, POWELL & LAMB, Syracuse, New York.

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A NECESSITY UPON EVERY FARM

Economy, Exactness and Carefulness

Every farmer should have the means of weighing his produce before he sells it, and also what he buys. As a matter of economy there is nothing that will pay him better. The high price of scales prevents many from providing themselves with them, and they are thus at the mercy of every dishonest party they may do business with. One of the very best makes of scales now on the market are those manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co., and for the benefit of those who read the *FARMER* we have arranged with that company to supply orders sent through us at a great reduction. The prices are so low that the saving of loss on a load of wheat, pork, wool, poultry or butter, will pay the entire cost. Just look at the prices below and judge for yourselves.

No. 1—Farm Scale.

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All the prisoners concerned in the North-west rebellion have been released but two.

Labor troubles closed the Philadelphia rolling mills last week, and 1,600 men are idle in consequence.

Massachusetts has appropriated \$30,000 to entertain President Cleveland if he will visit that commonwealth.

Cornelius Vanderbilt will build a three-story club room on 100th Street for the benefit of the New York Central employees.

The total debt of the United States is \$1,494,337,408. The cash in the treasury, available for reduction of this debt, is \$29,283,405.

Harry Ward Beecher is in England and engaged to an immense concourse last week, being received with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs.

At midnight of the 30th ult. all the glass factories at Pittsburgh, Pa., closed for the summer. The factories employ 5,000 men and are out of work till Sept.

Michigan finances for the current fiscal year show a gain of nearly \$3,000,000, owing to the greater receipts with which internal and custom revenues are collected.

It is charged that a sympathizer with the anarchists has free access to the jurors sworn in the circuit cases at Chicago. He is supposed to have "fixed" the jury.

C. F. Emery's stables on his breeding farm near Cleveland, were burned on the 2nd. The loss on the barns is \$21,000, besides which four valuable horses were burned to death.

The assistant secretary of the treasury, W. E. Smith, has resigned to accept a position in the post office, worth \$10,000 yearly to him. He only received \$4,500 in the government service.

The bill to permit the Minneapolis and St. Paul & Atlantic railroad to build a bridge over the St. Mary's river near the Soo has been favorably reported by the commerce committee.

In the boat race between Yale, Harvard and Columbia college crews last week, a heavy fog struck the Yale crew, broke every oar, and the boat was wrecked. The crew was rescued by a tug.

An Ottawa girl, daughter of a wealthy contractor and heiress to \$300,000, eloped with a horse-jockey last week. She is but seventeen years old, and has plenty of time to repent her folly and disobedience.

Edward Bowman, of Rochester, N. Y., proved an alibi in a charge of murder by confessing he was cracking a safe at the time. He was sentenced on his confession to seven years in the penitentiary.

Deacon Richard Lane, president of two banks, Abington and Rockland, was arrested en route for Canada last week. He had overdrawn his account \$50,000. The Abington bank has been compelled to suspend.

John Wasmaker of Philadelphia, has been selling Dutch cattle at less than agents' prices. The agent of the publishing firm who supplied the books, is to be prosecuted. Wasmaker sold cattle as an advertisement.

Immense herds of cattle are being driven from the dry sections of northwestern Texas into Jacksonville County along the West Fork river. The resident farmers object, and there has already been bloodshed and more is expected.

The American schooner City Point put into Shelburne harbor, N. S., for water and repairs, and was seized and held by the Canadian cruiser Terror. The off use consisted in taking water before reporting at the custom house.

The Pinkerton men were called out at Chicago last week to intimidate strikers on the Lake Shore road. The strikers sent showers of mud, stones and oil at the men, who were armed with Winchester rifles but did not use them.

Thomas Greif, a saloon-keeper of Chicago, whose place was a retreat for socialists, anarchists and other bad characters, was killed because he has been pestered by the police. The country can spare him and others of his ilk, just as well as not.

H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., is bound to his bed by a severe attack of rheumatism in his right arm, which he can't get it "by hook or crook." The bill was defeated once, and the State claims the land under the swamp act, but Warner still fights.

Two deputy sheriffs attempted to arrest two men on a train on the Sunset line in Texas, and had a desperate fight with the desperadoes. The officers had their clothes dirtied with mud, and one of the men was injured, but one of the desperadoes was shot dead.

Wm. Hines, inventor and manufacturer of dynamite bombs, was reported as dying at his home at Covington, Ky., last week. It is said he has about \$40,000 worth of bombs hidden along the Mississippi, between Victoria and Memphis. He also furnished bombs to several foreign governments.

Five members of the boycotting committee who in March last extorted \$1,000 from George H. Lee, proprietor of a saloon in Manhattan, New York, to pay the expenses of a boycott on the place, have been convicted of conspiracy and are awaiting sentence.

A novel suit is in progress at Logansport, Ind. A lady living next a church which possessed a line of bells, wanted to silence them because her daughter, a confirmed invalid, suffers a nervous relapse whenever they are rung. She also wants a thousand dollars damages.

James Mallory, of Junction City, Wis., while drunk, assaulted Mrs. A. W. Holger, whose husband, hearing her screams, came to the rescue and shot Mallory fatally. The people are indignant at the crime, and the Mallorys are at the expense of a funeral. The shooting was wholly unnecessary.

The Atlantic giant powder mills, between Madisonville and Drakesville, Ky., blew up on the morning of the 23d, killing ten men and wounding many more, and doing serious damage. The explosion occurred in the mixing house, but from what cause is not known. The concussion was felt for 20 miles, and windows shattered three miles away.

Reports from New York state that in Oswego County, the hop crop promises to be a total failure, on account of the appearance of lice in great numbers. The plants are literally covered with them, and honey dew, which is a companion pest, is doing much damage. In June leaves no hope for the crop. The crop in Madison and Oneida Counties is also badly affected.

A new movement, organized to enforce the law known as the law and order league, is spreading rapidly over the country. It is organized at Sedalia, Mo., and is gaining ground very rapidly. Its membership includes a large number of leading men, including some of the most prominent of the state. Its object is to prevent labor disturbances and discourage strikes.

Miss Alice Jordan graduated at Yale at the commencement, under the clause admitting to the senior class any regularly accepted attorney-at-law. It is the first time this privilege has been exercised since its origin at Sedalia, Mo., and is gaining ground very rapidly. Its membership includes a large number of leading men, including some of the most prominent of the state. Its object is to prevent labor disturbances and discourage strikes.

Several British officers were killed and wounded in a fight with 1,500 Burmese rebels near Rangoon.

The Servian presents are in a state of revolt. They will not pay taxes, nor recognize King Milan's government.

The French senate has authorized the city of Paris to issue a loan of \$50,000,000 for public improvement.

An explosion of pent up steam gas in the English house of commons raised reports of dynamite. Nobody was hurt.

The lower house of the Bavarian parliament has granted 200,000 florins to Prince Luitpold to enable him to maintain the royal establishment.

By the expansion of the rails caused by the heavy rains, a mail train was derailed at Kaysersberg, Ireland, and eight persons killed.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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HOLSTEIN - FRIESIAN CATTLE!

LARGEST HERD AND LARGEST AVERAGE MILK RECORD.

Three Cows have averaged over 30,000 lbs. in a year. Five Cows have averaged over 10,000 lbs. in a year. Ten cows have averaged over 15,000 lbs. in a year. Twenty-five cows have averaged over 16,000 lbs. in a year. Thirty-three, including four-year-olds and twenty-one two-year-olds have averaged 13,738 lbs. in a year.

BUTTER RECORDS.

Five cows have averaged 30 lbs. 7 oz. in a week. Nine cows have averaged 19 lbs. 3/4 oz. in a week. 11 three year olds have averaged 18 lbs. 2 oz. in a week. This is the herd from which to get foundation stock. Prices low for quality of stock.

SMITH, POWELL & LAMBS, Lakeside Stock Farm, Syracuse, N. Y. When writing always mention Michigan Farmer.

Routes the Insect Army wherever found. Sold by Seedsmen and Merchants. Safe, Cheap and Effective For Pamphlet, address

"SLUG SHOT," Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.

THE MOST EXTENSIVE PURE BRED FRIESIAN ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

Imported from the best sources in the world.

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DIRECTOR.

Michigan Breeders

CATTLE - Shorthorns.

A. CHANDLER, breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Shropshire sheep and Essex swine. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Jerome, Mich.

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W. M. WHITEHEAD & SONS, Lakeside Stock Farm, Waterford, Oakland Co. Breeds of thoroughbred registered Shorthorn cattle and Hampshire sheep. Stock for sale. 61-17

Holstein-Friesians.

Poetry.

SEALED ORDERS.

On the swing from her moorings,
And over the harbor bar,
As the moon was slowly rising
She faded from sight afar,
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whether her course would be,
Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery;
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders,"
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from moorings,
Go drifting into the night,
Darkness before and around them,
With scarce a glimmer of light;
They are acting beneath "sealed orders,"
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty
Through good and evil report,
They shall ride the storm out safely,
Be the voyage long or short;
For the ship that carries God's orders,
Shall anchor at last in port.

—Eileen Chaucery.

"MAKE ME."

He took my hand. He did not even say
"Be mine, for I have loved you many a day."
He only pressed it in his lovingly;
He looked into my eyes, and said, "Make me."
A mist came over mine, I could not see;
And he repeated: "What you will, make me."
"Last night I had a dream, that I was dead;
And you were there, loving, tender, o'er my head."
"You held my soul; and I weeping, saw its stain;
Your tears fell on it; it was pure again."
"Can you not do it? I will follow you
Until I feel that I am formed anew."

"Drop down upon my eyes another tear;
Beckon me onward and I will not fear."
"Oh, take my hand. Lead me your path along;
Without you I am weak, but with you strong."
"Love me as you love Heaven; and I shall be
Worthy to dwell there with you. Oh, make me!"

—George Holmes.

Miscellaneous.

THE NEW TEACHER.

"Hello, there!"
"Hello yourself! Say, Carl, you coming back to school?"
"School nothing! Do you think I'm going back there to be sent home twice a day and suspended once a week for looking round in my seat? I might just as well have been out last term for all I learned. No, sir! I'll never beg Sal's pardon, you betchur life on that!"
"But you know Sal hasn't our room, now; he's in the recitation room, and we have a new teacher."
"Say, Paul, is it true what all the fellows say of the new teacher? Don't she send them to the office, nor scold, nor whip, nor suspend, nor—"
"This is the fourth week, and she ain't punished one of 'em yet."
"Well, how does she get 'em on, anyhow? That always was a hard room. There's Skinny Barry, and Jimmie Oaks, and Tim Quinlin, and Josh Wheland—every one of them holy terrors. My don't you remember how Sal used to march 'em off half a dozen times a day to the office? And how Old Thrasher used to break the rulers on 'em? I wonder if they have any rulers left, up there?"
"What do you think I heard the new teacher tell the class in School Economy 't'other day?"
"I don't know."
"She told them only very poor teachers resorted to whipping."
"If Old Thrasher heard that, I'll bet she'd lose her place."
"Well, I say, Carl, you'd better come back."
"But I can't; the Board and Old Thrasher said I'd have to beg Sal's pardon, and stand on the floor an hour! Besides, 'twasn't me whispering; 't was Bill Conkey."
"Wasn't Sal an ugly old thing, though? I used to do mean things, just to get her mad, and see her face get red."
"I'd like to go first rate, but I'll never beg her pardon for something I never did, and I'll never stand on the floor that hour."
"Tell you what, come over to school with me in the morning, before any of the scholars are there. The new teacher's always early, and I believe she can fix it for you. Dan Tracy and Pat Ryan are back, and I heard she got them permission. Oh, I tell you, she's the teacher that is a teacher!"
And the boys parted at the corner, each going his own way and thinking his own thoughts.

Coming up the street was Charlie Barry. The boys called him "Skinny," partly because he was skinny, and partly because his clothes had a don't-care sort of a hang, that heightened the effect. He was a tall, loose-jointed, raw-boned, sandy-haired, freckled-faced, stoop-shouldered lad, who went scuffling along, and who was always ready to sit on the first horse-block, or stand on the first corner for a chat. His pants were generally a good deal too long, and flapped about his legs in a searching sort of way, as if anxious to discover their mission. His coat, which was never quite sure which it preferred—to stay on or come off—was hitched up here, and hung down there, in a manner scarcely artistic. The whole lining was converted into a huge pocket, which served as a storehouse for his possessions. But Charlie had a good, warm, honest, Irish heart in him, and in spite of his grotesque appearance, he was a great favorite among the boys. He always took the part of "the little chaps," as he called them, and many a sound tramping he inflicted on boys for striking "little fellows," although it was the delight of his life to see "a good, square fight."

As Carl turned the corner after leaving Paul, he puffed away at a cigarette a moment, threw it away, and walked slowly along, thinking about what Carl had said of the new teacher. Half way down the street he spied Skinny, and called out: "Hello, Skinny, Fred yet?"
"Not much," was the reply.

"Well, what do you think of the new teacher?"
"Think of her? Why, she's a daisy! None of your old cross-patches, scold-em-all-day-and-whip-'em-when-you-dast-kind. Just as bright as a new dollar, and hardly the size of a peanut. Do you good to hear her laugh, and—"
"Say, Skinny, don't you think you're a little sweet on her?"
Both boys laughed, while Skinny's face grew crimson.

"Say, Carl, ju'member Frank Brady? Ju-know what an awful chap he was to jump up and look out of windows? Sal kept him in a dark corner till he forgot what his eyes were made for. Well, sir, the very first time he jumped up to look out the new teacher said, just as sweet-like, 'Do you like to look out of windows, Master Frank?' And he looked at some of us fellers, and said, sprigging himself up, 'Yes'm.' Then what do you think she did? She just smiled, and said, 'There's no harm in that; that's what windows were made for, but you have a very poor seat to see anything.' And with that she moved him to the 'prize seat.' Ju know, the one between the back and side windows. And told him she thought he'd find it more convenient. And, ju-believe-it, all that day, whenever she saw any one go by, she'd say, just as pleasant-like, 'Master Frank, there's a lady,' or, 'Master Frank, some one is at the pump,' till you couldn't make him look round, no how."

"Wasn't he mad?"
"Mad, no! How could he get mad? She was just as nice about it, and made believe she was in earnest."
"I wonder if I could get along with her?"
"Course you could! Couldn't help it! Taint no fun acting up with her. She never gets mad. She just sits there as cool as a cucumber, and gives a feller away, and then the whole school gives him the laugh."

"Is she smart?"
"Guess she is! Can't help but learn! I never understood grammar before," and he tossed the remainder of an old book into the air, and caught it just before it reached the ground.

"What are you doing with that book?"
"Me and Pat Ryan are going to study together to-night. The boys parse against the girls to-morrow, and we're going to lick 'em. Better come back, Carl, taint nothing like 'twas."

As Carl neared home, he met Willie Hoy, a boy noted for his good behavior. Willie, no matter who the teacher was, never had any trouble. These two boys, so unlike, were fast friends, and when Carl saw Willie, he thought he would be a good one to learn the truth. Accordingly he invited him in, and said that he wanted to talk to him about something.

"Say, Willie, all the fellers say they have a splendid teacher in our room this year, and I'd like to go back. Do you like her?"
"Yes, I do. She is a good teacher, and a perfect lady. She made us begin Latin, and I understand it perfectly now. Every lesson must be learned. No half-way work about it, but she makes it so interesting that it does not seem like work. Mamma called on her, and she has a very high opinion of her."

"I just met Skinny down there, and he was really funny to hear him talk. He was such an awful hard case before. How did she manage him?"
"Haven't you heard the joke about Skinny?"
"No."
"You remember that queer noise he used to make, that made Miss Ash so angry? And she never found all the time she was there, who did it. Last Monday, shortly after opening exercises, the room was very quiet—"
"That's something new for that room."
"Yes, you'd hardly know it, now. It was during study hour. Miss Radcliff sat at her desk, working away, and seeming to pay no attention. You remember how Miss Ash used to watch us? Miss Radcliff is so different, but I like her way better. Skinny finally began, and as she paid no attention he grew bolder and bolder. Suddenly she rose, smiling, and opened the organ. Then looking straight at Skinny, she said, in the pleasantest voice:—"
"I am very glad Master Barry is fond of singing. I like music, and if he will step up here, I will play an accompaniment for him." The whole school roared at Skinny, and the funniest part of it all, was, that she seemed annoyed at us, and said, 'I do not wish any one to laugh at Master Barry's singing. I am very glad I have one boy who loves singing, and is not ashamed of it.' Then looking at him, she said, kindly: 'Master Barry, won't you sing just one song for us?' Skinny was all broke up, and he has not had another musical attack since."

"But he likes her."
"Nobody can help liking her."
"How does she look?"
"She is a little bit of a thing, with jet black hair, and bright, black eyes. She is full of life and fun, and she has the keenest sense of the ridiculous I ever knew. She understands just how to manage every one, and all the scholars like her."

"I wish I could get back."
"Why don't you have your father see the Board?"
"He did, once, and they told him a lot of stuff about my smoking, and disobeying, and being bad generally; and now he says, 'If you can't go to school and behave yourself, I will see that you are kept busy,' and I have to stay in an old office every day, till I feel like running away."

"Go to the Board yourself."
"I know what they will say:—"
"Are you ready to apologize before the school, and stand on the floor that hour?"
"What, apologize to Sal for something I never did? No, sir-ee, I won't do that if I never go to school!"
"Why don't you tell her it wasn't you who whispered?"
"Tell her! Didn't I tell her? But she would not believe me unless I told her I did. Think I'd equal on Bill? Paul says he thinks the new teacher could get me back. He says Dan Tracy and Pat Ryan are there on trial."

"I did hear that the Board she'd be responsible for them, or something, but I don't know how it was. It won't do any harm to see her."

Carl Macy was a bright, dashing young fellow of seventeen or thereabout. The clear blue eyes that turned to steel at times, and the heightened color that mounted his brow, told of a temper easily aroused. But after all he was a manly boy, and he would stand up for what he called "right," with a spirit that would have graced a martyr. His abundant vitality was his greatest enemy, and kept him ever on the defensive with his teachers. He was naturally frank and impulsive, but years of vicious training had awakened suspicion, and those very qualities, which, under proper direction, would have enriched his character, were employed in dragging him down. He had been scolded, and whipped, and suspended, till he considered school the worst place imaginable, and teachers the sworn enemies of children. His parents, like many others, were too busy to look into the matter, and they had really grown to think he must be a very bad boy, and as each new teacher arrived on the scene, he was informed of the hearty support he would receive in whatever way he saw fit to punish Carl. Then these wise parents felt they had done all that could be reasonably expected of them. This led to the boy being watched constantly, till he, smarting under the injustice, every now and then rebelled. He was only too glad to leave school, and it is probable he would never have felt any desire to enter again, if it had not been for the wonderful accounts the "fellers" gave of the new teacher. He thought the subject over that night, and the next morning, when Paul called, he was ready to go.

Mary Radcliff, "the new teacher," as the children called her, was a bright, intelligent girl of twenty-four. Energetic, sympathetic, humorous, loving, she possessed those qualities especially requisite for a teacher. Sometimes the black eyes grew larger, or the thin lips closed firmly, but the voice never grated, the hand never lifted.

She read a child like a printed page, discovered its natural bent, and wisely directed nature, never frustrated her. She loved her work, she loved her children, and once she said:—

"I never feel like fighting unless a child's interest is at stake."

When a lady asked her one day how she could show so much interest in a certain subject that the children were discussing, she replied:—

"A teacher should be interested in everything that interests her pupils."

This was the woman to whom Carl was about to listen. Would she see at once the work necessary to be done, and shrink from it?

The next morning, Miss Radcliff was seated at her desk, looking over the programme for the day, when Paul, accompanied by Carl, entered. As soon as he introduced Carl, he withdrew.

Miss Radcliff instantly closed her books, pushed them from her, and looking straight into the boy's face, said, pleasantly:—

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

It may be well to add here, that this bright little teacher always arranged her work in such a way that she was at liberty to give her time before school and at its termination, to the children.

She was not the least bit afraid of her dignity, but laughed and chatted about base ball, foot ball, his history character, that recent event, or anything else that might come up. Her quick wit and great store of general information, made their talks both interesting and instructive, and it was no unusual occurrence to see twenty or more pupils about her desk at such times.

When Carl saw her remove her work in order to give him attention, he said:—

"I'm afraid, Miss Radcliff, I'm interrupting you."

"No, sir; my work is done; and, besides," she added, smiling, "I am here to be interrupted."

"I'd like to come back to school."
"And I'd like to have you here. How is it that you did not start at the beginning of the term?"
"Well, you see I couldn't. I'm suspended."

The teacher looked sharply into the clear, blue eyes, but they met her glance fearlessly, although a slight flush passed over the boy's face, and I'm afraid, in spite of the confession, her conclusion was satisfactory, for she said, in a tone that might be understood to convey doubt, surprise or condemnation:—

"Suspended? You look like a boy that should be too manly to get into trouble."

"Twasn't my fault."

"Now, sir, let me talk a little sense to you. Do you think a teacher would suspend you for nothing? Don't you know teachers dislike very much to punish, and only do so when they feel it is necessary for the pupil's good, or the school's, or both. Boys don't mean to do wrong often, indeed, I think they seldom do, but they forget how much a teacher has to think about, and do things that cause a great deal of annoyance. Do you know, teachers would rather be punished themselves than be compelled to correct their pupils?"

"They ain't all alike."

"Certainly they are not. Would you like to have them all alike?"
"Not if they're all like Sal!"
"Like whom?"
Carl blushed, and said:—

"I forgot. I mean Miss Ash."

Miss Radcliff's face was very thoughtful, as she said:—

"It's very rude to speak of Miss Ash in that way."

"All the fellers call her that."

"Then all the fellows are rude," and she told him, in her kindly way, how ungentlemanly it was, and finally ended by saying:—

"Now, Carl, tell me all about your trouble, till I see what we can do."

Then the boy told her what the reader already knows:—

"Can't you do what the board asks?"
"No'm, I won't stand on the floor for anybody."
"Why not?"

"I'm too big to be punished in that way."
"Then you should be too big to whisper."
"Twasn't me."
"Who was it?"
"I can't tell."
"Why not?"
"Because I won't squeal on any feller."
"It seems to me he can't be much of a boy to let you be punished for him. If I were he, I'd be ashamed of myself to be such a coward."
"But he ain't a coward, though. Oh, my! You just ought to see him when he's mad!"
"But he must be a coward, or he would not keep still and see you punished. Why did he not tell Miss Ash it was he?"
"Because he knew he'd be fired."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked, innocently.

"Don't you know? Why, sent away from school."

"But no teacher would send a boy away for being truthful."

"Sa—, I mean, Miss Ash, would; for when a boy told her he broke a window she sent him to Old Thrasher—"

"To whom?"
"Professor Cary," he said, confusedly, "and he whipped him awful, and we fellers said we'd never tell, no matter what happened. And you see if I told, the fellers would all be down on me."

By this time the scholars were beginning to come in, and as Miss Radcliff saw that the case required investigating, she requested him to come again Monday morning.

After Carl left the room she saw the boys talking earnestly in one corner, and now and then she heard some remarks like the following:—

"I wonder if Carl is coming back?"
"I hope he is, for he wants to; he told me so last night."

"He'll never beg Sal's pardon, for he said so."

"I wouldn't either," chimed in several.

Then the bell was tapped, and instantly quiet reigned.

Miss Radcliff went home and spent all that evening thinking about Carl. What could be done? It was evident the boy would not comply with the demands of Miss Ash, because he had no respect nor confidence in her. He had a false idea of honor, but who was to blame for that? She had taught long enough to know teachers often make serious mistakes. They are apt to overlook individual characteristics, and therefore run into trouble that they should be wise enough to avoid. Should children be on the streets because they are the results of poor training? Is it right to compel children to apologize when it is only an outward form accompanied by no conviction whatever, and when the culprits show every way but verbally their resentment? Is it wise to inflict childish punishments on grown boys? Are not the demands of teachers the cause of half the trouble in schools?

Mary Radcliff was too sensible a woman to do anything that might reflect on the government of a school. She knew too well the necessity of order and just punishment to weaken either, and yet she questioned the right of any teacher to ruin a child's possibilities.

The next morning she started out early, determined to see Miss Ash and find out what she could about Carl. After a rainy little chat, during which both ladies indulged in a good deal of merry laughter, Miss Radcliff introduced the subject nearest her heart by saying:—

"By the way, Miss Ash, do you know Carl Macy? He called to see me about coming back to school; but there seems to be something in the way of his admission. As you had the room last year, I presume you can advise me about this matter?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say I do know Carl. He's a bad boy; well, not really bad, but very annoying to a teacher. I suspended him because I just could not be worried any longer."

"He does not look like a vicious boy."

"Oh, there's nothing vicious about him, but he's so mischievous; and then he's a great favorite among the boys, and in that way he influences the whole room."

"Now, Miss Ash, don't you think it's my duty to help such boys? You know some of those children are no more to blame for their dispositions than you or I are for the color of our eyes. If we refuse to help them what will become of them?"

"But you'll admit, Miss Radcliff, the necessity of discipline?"

"Yes; but discipline to be beneficial must appeal to a child's sense of justice."

"Do you know Carl?"
"I've seen him once."

"How does it happen you are so interested?"

"Just because I think it a great mistake for any boy to be on the street."

"But you don't imagine teachers are responsible for that? If they come to us all wrong, what are we to do?"
"Make them all right."

"Well, I think you'll find it a rather hard and thankless job. However, if you are willing to be bothered with the boy, I don't see why you should not be allowed a trial. I'm sure I'm willing. You might get along all right with him."

"But, Miss Ash, I do not think that would be right. If you, after due consideration, were convinced that the good of the school demanded his removal, and Prof. Cary and the board agreed with you, I'm sure it would be very wrong in me to reflect on the wisdom of the transaction."

"I'll just tell you how it was. Last spring my room became pretty unruly, and I knew something must be done. There were several large boys who seemed determined to make trouble, and I knew I must make an example of some one; so one day, the room being very noisy, I saw Carl whispering, and requested him to stand on the floor an hour. He refused, and I suspended him."

"That makes me think, Carl says it was not he that whispered."

"Why, of course he'd deny it. What boy would not?"

"Is he generally untruthful?"

For once Miss Ash was aroused. She looked sharply at Miss Radcliff, but meeting a pleasant smile, she replied:—

"If it was not he, why didn't he say so?"

"You know how boys reverence a sense of honor, and I suppose he would not tell

on the culprit for fear of being ridiculed."

"Why, Miss Radcliff, you don't mean to say you call that honor?"

"These boys, Miss Ash, have not had our opportunities of distinguishing true honor from false. They are living up to their ideal manfully, and it is our duty not to weaken their sense of honor, but to correct their judgment, and that, like all great work, requires time and patience."

"You're the queerest teacher, Miss Radcliff, I ever met. I wish I could take as much interest in my work; but I just hate to teach; it's perfect drudgery to me."

When Mary Radcliff reached home she was not a little surprised to find Professor Cary awaiting her, and her surprise was heightened when she learned the object of his call was to discuss the admission of Carl Macy.

He went on to tell her that Mr. Macy had overheard Carl and Willie's conversation the evening before, and being satisfied that his son had been wrongly accused, and that he was really anxious to return, he had attended the meeting of the board and laid the matter before them. The outcome of it all was that the board had given the father to understand if Miss Radcliff would receive the boy, he might go back. Then Professor Cary went on to show how detrimental the boy's return would be to the school, and after several nicely-phrased compliments and a great deal of needless explanation, he concluded by saying:—

"I trust, Miss Radcliff, you will see this matter as I do, and will not receive the boy."

Miss Radcliff had been listening attentively and thinking deeply during the above remarks. The superintendent had never impressed her as a superior person, and now she knew her conclusion was correct. However, she was wise enough to be cautious, so she simply said:—

"Certainly, sir, if you think his admission detrimental, and refuse to allow his return, I have nothing to say."

"But the decision will be left with you."

"It strikes me as a very unprofessional proceeding to leave the matter in my hands. I have no means of judging the boy. I confess frankly, I should hesitate to refuse any child admission unless I was satisfied his return would do more harm to the school than good to himself. You and Miss Ash are familiar with the circumstances. You both thought it best to suspend the boy, and I have no doubt you gave the subject due consideration. Now, it seems to me the board did a very unpardonable act in overlooking your decision, and I hope you will see how impossible it is for me, if left in my hands, to do other than admit Carl Macy."

Professor Cary was one of those superintendents who make suggestions and expect them carried out. He never hurled a dart unless he took aim behind some unsuspecting teacher, and if it failed to reach the mark, he satisfied his resentment by soundly beating some luckless urchin, which propensity had given him the name—Old Thrasher. He was far too politic a man to incur Mr. Macy's displeasure, when he could just as well gain the same end in an easier way. He had submitted to many similar actions of the board because he lacked moral heroism to assert himself, and he, in turn, expected his assistants to submit to the same treatment.

He was not only surprised, but annoyed at Miss Radcliff's stand, but he was too politic to show either; and after a long interview, in which it was impossible to convince her that her duty was to quiet the whole thing by simply refusing to give the boy a trial, he closed the conversation by saying:—

"I hope you'll think better of this by Monday, for I fear it will prove a danger to your experiment."

Just what he meant by "dangerous experiment" some one less accustomed to reading faces might never have guessed, but our little teacher said to herself as she entered the room:—

"That's a rub at my position. Well, there are other schools in the United States, I think."

The next Monday Carl was admitted, and to his great surprise, the new teacher gave him a back seat, and treated him as if he were the best boy in the room. During the morning session she was very busy; and seemed to pay no attention to him; at least every time he looked up she was working or looking in some other direction.

At noon the boys collected on the corner, and such remarks as the following might be heard:—

"Say, Carl; did you beg Sal's pardon?"
"How did you get back, anyhow?"
"Aint the new teacher jolly, though?"
"You don't want to go monkeying round her, unless you want to get left. I'll give you a pointer on that."

"Say, boys, how did she manage to get that room in such order?" exclaimed Carl, as soon as he could be heard.

"Give it up!" screamed out Skinny, as he hedged round the corner to "peg an apple-core at Dude Woodbury," and the boys scattered with a whoop.

Carl thought Miss Radcliff did not watch him, but she did, and the outcome of it was she called on Mr. Clay, a lawyer in the place, and made the following statement:—

"Mr. Clay, I am a teacher in the city schools, and I wish to ask a favor of you."

The lawyer looked at her over his glasses, but said nothing, so she continued:—

"I have one boy who has too much vitality to sit in schoolroom all day. He has been punished for something he cannot help, too often, and I feel sure that if I could give him a little extra exercise, and at the same time make it profitable, it would be a good thing for him. Now I often need information which can only be relied upon as coming from a lawyer, or after having been looked up carefully. I have been in the habit of requesting such boys to do this work, but much depends upon the manner in which they arrive at the information. If their questions are directly answered, little good comes of it, except the rest gotten from the walk; if, however, they are compelled to look up the information for themselves, being directed only to books, it is a very valuable lesson, and, at the same time, accomplishes the primary object. Would you be willing to assist the boy of whom

I speak by allowing him to come to your office and directing him to proper authority?"

Mr. Clay who had never taken his eyes from the speaker's face, said, quizzically:—

"Do you think it's a wise thing to do, madam?"

"I know it's a sensible thing to do with some boys."

"Send him up."

The next time Carl grew restless, Miss Radcliff requested him to go to Mr. Clay's office and look up a few questions for her. The lawyer directed him to the necessary authority, and as he was leaving the office he questioned him sharply, and finding Carl mistaken in one instance, he sent him back to correct himself. In this way an hour passed. When Carl returned the rest of the day passed quickly away. Before the term closed he was one of the finest boys in the room, and Mr. Clay, who had grown to like that "manly boy," noticed he came less frequently.

Some time after the lawyer was walking down the street, and meeting a member of the board, he said:—

"Who is that black-eyed little lady teacher in the high school?"

"Miss Radcliff. Why?"

"She has more good sense than half of the men in this town," and he went on to tell what she had done for Carl Macy, and ended by saying:—

"She's what you may call a teacher. The man who marries her should be sent to prison for life."

"It seems to me you are about as liable to be sent to any one," replied Mr. Harvey, laughing as he noticed the blush on the lawyer's face.

There were other schools, but Miss Radcliff never needed one, for at the end of the year she married Mr. Clay.

Twenty years have passed. As you walk down the street you see "Clay & Macy, Law Office."

As Mrs. Clay was returning from a trip recently she was looking out of the car window, when some one, touching her on the shoulder said:—

"I beg your pardon, madam. Can I be mistaken? Is not this Mrs. Clay?"

"And then she looked into the kindly face of the portly conductor, and the black eyes grew larger as she exclaimed:—

"I do believe you are Skinny—I beg your pardon, I mean Charles Barry."

How the conductor laughed!

"Skinny! Yes, I'm Skinny; but, you see, the name is scarcely appropriate now."

And then there was a moving of boxes and bundles, and the great, kind-hearted man and the little black-eyed woman talked and laughed till the passengers looked on in amazement.

They spoke of "the old boys," and there was a world of love in the recollection.

As the train drew slowly up to a station the conductor pointed out a pretty little cottage, on the porch of which a chubby, fair-haired darling sat rocking her dolly and singing it to sleep, said, with a good deal of pride, "That's my home."

Mrs. Clay looked into his face, and remarked, with the old touch of humor:—

"The baby inherits her father's love of music," and turned aside to hide a tear.

He thought a moment, and broke out into a hearty laugh. Later, and there was wonderful tenderness in his voice, he said:—

"I hope you'll excuse the familiarity; we named her—Mary Radcliff."

Empress Elizabeth's Adventure.

The Empress Elizabeth had been in the habit of taking long walks every day, some 15 or 20 miles, generally accompanied only by her maid of honor. A short time ago they were going to Rastadt, a little town about 12 miles from here, containing a royal school and barracks, when they lost their way. They were in deep pair, but were relieved by meeting two private soldiers, whom they took as guides, not telling who they were—the Empress walking with one of the soldiers, the maid of honor with the other, for the whole afternoon, cooing very pleasantly. The Empress told her companion that she was an Austrian, and would like to see him again, inviting him to call upon her the next day and giving him her address. The day arrived, so did the soldier; he was ushered into a room where he met the Colonel of his regiment, who questioned him about his behavior the day before. The poor soldier was struck dumb with horror when he found with whom he had chatted in such a friendly manner. As her Majesty dresses very simply when she goes on these tramps, and had simply told him her name was Elizabeth, he of course had no idea of her exalted rank. She presented him with 20 marks, and probably he admired her far more than the average German ever does a sweetheart.—*Baden Baden Letter.*

Practical Co-operative Housekeeping.

During the business depression of five years ago, a man called one morning at the basement door of a house in the upper part of the city, says the *Christian Union* with a basket on his arm. The servant who answered his knock supposed he was a beggar, but something in the man's appearance, when he asked for "the lady of the house," forced her to ask her mistress who was in the kitchen, to step to the door. The man removed his hat, and then uncovered the contents of his basket—delectable, white, round, codfish cakes, ready for frying. He told his story. He was a bookkeeper, but the firm had failed and he was without a position, and had been for months. His wife, a New England girl, was an excellent cook, and had decided to make two dozen codfish cakes, if he would take them round and try to sell them. Here he was. The price was five cents apiece, and they cost about four; if he sold the two dozen he would make 20 cents, and that was more than he had earned in months. Half of the quantity was bought at once, and a note written to a neighbor, urging her to become a customer for the balance, and a partner in drumming up other customers if the cakes proved to be as good as they looked. The man went away with the promise of help if his goods deserved it. He was to call the next day for the decision. The two women cooked and distributed to their friends and

neighbors, on the ground that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

The cakes were delicious, and immediately after breakfast each woman cooked the balance of her purchase, deposited the cakes in baskets, and went about among her friends to get orders for the man. The result was that the third weekly delivery in the neighborhood was from a handcart pushed by a stout German boy, while the proprietor attended to his customers. In two months he had to deliver certain days in certain districts, he had so many orders; besides, he kept a stock on hand at his house at all times. In one year the lower part of a house was given up to the business, and restaurants, as well as private families, were his customers.

A friend of the first man, in the same financial condition, whose wife made good bread, came one morning with the seller of the codfish cakes, having small lovely loaves of bread which he sold at five cents per loaf. He, too, made so many customers by the superiority of his bread that six months later found him delivering bread and rolls from a wagon. The bread remained the same delicious home-made bread, made by his wife and women whom she trained; twice a week he delivers tea biscuits. Both men have, in five years time, bought the houses in which they live.

What of the customers? You cannot imagine what a relief it is to know that Friday morning breakfasts are always planned and always good; that codfish cake morning with us. And now that I am furnished with such bread and rolls, I do not have one-half as much trouble with servants. If the coffee is good it does not make so much difference if the steak is not done to a turn. We are all in better humor too. I am sure of good bread and milk for the children, and I train my girls to make coffee as John likes it at once. I don't see why some one did not think of this plan before. Life is much easier. Now I'll whisper something: I don't think John's mother's bread and rolls have hit me so often in the heart since this blessing has come into our house.

A Terrible Fate.

The sad fate of young Gay, of Kansas, makes the eyes moisten, and the pulses thrill at the same time. He was a boy of seventeen, brave and head-headed, and was one of a hunting party on Cimarron River during an outbreak. One day, in riding after buffalo, he became separated from his companions, and his horse fell into a hole and broke a leg. Gay had a Winchester and revolver, and he could easily have found his way to camp if he had not been interfered with. As was afterward related by an Indian to an army officer, a band of thirty redskins were lurking in a ravine, in hopes of pouncing on some of the hunters. Their first move was to get between Gay and the camp, and scouts were then posted to prevent a surprise by a rescuing party. The precaution was unnecessary, as during the excitement of the afternoon he was not missed, and no search was made for him until the morning. It was known that the boy was well armed, and the Indians did not dare to charge him, great as were the odds in their favor. They resorted to the circling dodge to waste his ammunition, and at the same time kept up a hot fire on him. At the first appearance of the savages Gay shot his horse dead so that he might use the body for a breastwork. While he was only partially protected, the bullets of the Indians failed to hit him. On the other hand he fired coolly and deliberately, killing one redskin and dropping two ponies before they abandoned that dodge for another. He was then invited to parley, but he fired on the savages who advanced, realizing that nothing but his death would satisfy the wretches.

How the boy prayed and looked for a rescue by his companions, how his heart sank as time went by and the human wolves began to close in on him, how at last he made up his mind that death must come, and that he would face it bravely, are things which make the heart throb with pity. The Indians dismounted out of range, formed a three quarter circle about him, and then advanced on foot, or rather wound themselves along the ground. Unfortunately for the poor boy, the ground was broken, and a part of the Indians had cover within easy rifle range. Gay kept up a steady fire with his Winchester, seriously wounding two of them, but his fate was soon sealed.

He was hit in three places almost at once, and there were no further reports from his rifle. A single report was heard in an interval of firing, but it came from his revolver, and when a rush was made he was found dead, with the weapon tightly clutched in his hand. The red demons had shot him in the right foot, in the left shoulder, and in the left side, the latter wound being a mortal one. The boy realized this; but knowing that torture would be added to the wounds to increase his dying agonies, he put a bullet into his brain.

These facts came from the lips of one who helped encircle the boy, and he added, with great relish, others still more horrible. The infuriated Indians pulled off the scalp lock, cut off hands and feet, and so mutilated the face that it could not be recognized. The wolves and the buzzards were more merciful than the savages. They spared the remains, which were found and buried the next day.—*New York Sun.*

HARRY TRIST. MARTIN had just played one of his most beautiful solos for a little company assembled at the Schubert Musical Institute the other night, when somebody whispered to a lady present, saying: "His violin is about 250 years old." "My gracious!" replied the lady, "250 years! Well, if I could get such music out of an old thing like that, I'd have a new one if I had to steal it!"

GRANDMA'S hearing is not as good as it was in her early days. At the supper table the impression of Jacine was the topic of conversation, and she asked what work the ex-Alterman was doing in the State prison. "He's starching shirts," was the reply. Grandma, in a horrified tone of voice—"Starting a church! I should not think he was fitted for that work!"

APARILLA.

DYSPEPSIA

ble appetite; faint, gnawing feeling of the stomach, heartburn, wind in the back, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, spirits, general prostration. There is a form of disease more prevalent than dyspepsia, and it can in all cases be traced to feeble or poisoned condition of the **BULL'S SARSAPARILLA** by cleansing and purifying the blood, tones up the digestive organs, and relief is obtained at once.

ine manufactured for the cure of Scrophu-
la, and many other cutaneous and glandu-

SCROFULA
Is a peculiar morbid condition of the system, caused directly by impurities in the blood or by lack of sufficient nourishment furnished by the system through the blood, usually arising, the glands, after resulting in

ings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore
bloody eruptions on the face or neck.
The skin is akin to it and is often mistaken
for psoriasis as it comes from the same cause,
the blood. **BULL'S SARSAPARILLA** puri-
fies the blood and tones up the system
by driving the impurities from the blood and
restores the system through the regular
channels.

JOHN BULL—It is my opinion that your
analysis of SARSAPARILLA is decidedly ac-
curate. I have no other remedy and will take
pleasure in recommending it for the cure of
all skin and all diseases of the blood kind.

B. B. & J. M. D. Bedford, Ky.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE:
West Main Street, Louisville, Ky.
31 PER BOTTLE.

ON SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GOOD PURE.

RTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage given by John A. Brown to the State of Michigan to Joshua Axtell, dated the fifth day of May, A. D. 1888, and reported in the office of the register of the State of Michigan, on the 18th day of March, 1891, the 10th of February, on page 104 of the mortgage, the following conditions of the mortgage, on page 104, have elapsed since such default, to-wit: That the said mortgage be sold, and the payment of interest for the space of six months after the whole monies secured by said mortgage be paid, and as to the said principal, and be due and payable immediately thereafter, the amount of the said principal and interest, as now due and payable, and on which the said mortgage is to be sold, at the date of the sale for said principal and interest the sum of one hundred and forty-four dollars and ninety cents, and such sum to be paid to the said State of Michigan to recover the monies secured by said mortgage or any part thereof; now, therefore, the power of the said mortgage is hereby confirmed and the estate in such case made and

[illegible]

of the Register of Deeds for Wayne County, on the twelfth day of July, A. D. 1868, the said mortgage was duly assigned to the undersigned, A. H. Smith, on the first day of May, A. D. 1869, and the said mortgage was duly assigned to the undersigned, J. H. Smith, on the first day of March, A. D. 1868, in favor of assignments made on payment of the principal of the said mortgage and unpaid on said mortgage as there is one hundred and seventy-five dollars and thirty cents in principal interest; and whereas no suit or proceeding at law or in chancery has been instituted to set aside or annul the said mortgage or any thereof. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that virtue of the power of sale contained in the said mortgage, the premises hereinbefore made and provided, the said mortgage is foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described at public auction, to be held at the eastern front door of the City Hall of the Detroit that (being the building in which the Court for the City of Detroit sits) on the twenty-day the eleventh day of August, A. D. 1868, at twelve o'clock noon of said day the said premises shall be sold.

[illegible]

NOTICE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and extended to the said mortgagee, the undersigned, his wife, both of the City of Detroit, Michigan, to Namal I. Brown, of the said city, in and to the said mortgage, placed on file in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wayne County, Michigan, on the 9th day of March, A. D. 1888 and recorded in the office of said Register of Deeds for Wayne County, Michigan, on the 9th day of March, A. D. 1888, under the name of Namal I. Brown, in Book of Mortgages, on page 254, on which mortgage the sum of \$1000 was advanced to the said mortgagor, and forty dollars and eighty-two cents interest, and no suit or proceeding in law has been had to enforce the payment of the said principal and interest, and no part thereof, now, therefore, by the power of sale contained in said mortgage, the undersigned, his wife, and the said Namal I. Brown, do hereby give notice in said mortgage, and provided, notice is hereby given that on Thursday, the nineteenth day of August, A. D. 1888, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, shall sell at public auction, in the city of Detroit, Michigan, the highest and best bid for the redemption of the said mortgage, in the city of Detroit, Michigan.

Wayne County, and the Clerk of said County of Wayne is hold, the same as described in said mortgage, or three hundred and thirty-one dollars and a amount due upon said mortgage, with interest and legal costs paid by said mortgagee, which premises are described as follows:

Numbered seventy (70), seventy-one (71), seventy-two (72), seventy-three (73), seventy-four (74), seventy-five (75), seventy-six (76), seventy-seven (77), seventy-eight (78), seventy-nine (79), eighty (80), eighty-one (81), eighty-two (82), eighty-three (83), eighty-four (84), eighty-five (85), eighty-six (86), eighty-seven (87), eighty-eight (88), eighty-nine (89), ninety (90), ninety-one (91), ninety-two (92), ninety-three (93), ninety-four (94), ninety-five (95), ninety-six (96), ninety-seven (97), ninety-eight (98), ninety-nine (99), one hundred and one (101), one hundred and two (102), one hundred and three (103), one hundred and four (104), one hundred and five (105), one hundred and six (106), one hundred and seven (107), one hundred and eight (108), one hundred and nine (109), one hundred and ten (110), one hundred and eleven (111), one hundred and twelve (112), one hundred and thirteen (113), one hundred and fourteen (114), one hundred and fifteen (115), one hundred and sixteen (116), one hundred and seventeen (117) of Wm. O. Mayberry's lot of lots of the City of Detroit, and the same are subdivided into fractional sections 30 Town one north, Range 13 east.

Witness my hand and seal this 18th day of March, A. D. 1898.

ABRAHAM L. BROWN, Clerk of said County of Wayne.

Notary for Mortgage.

WANTED An active man or woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary \$75 per Month and Expenses. Canvassing outfit and Particulars Free.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Clear County—A Visit to Some
Northern Herds—A County that is
ing Rapid Progress in Stock Raising

visit to that portion of St. Clair County
lies along the beautiful river of the
at this season of the year is a most
ble one, and certainly the editor of
MER will long remember the one
days ago, in company with Mr.
Phillips, the veteran Shorthorn breeder
Columbia County. Meeting him at
on the Grand Trunk railroad, we
for the town of St. Clair, on the
of the Canada Southern. Who
seen St. Clair in the month of Ju
cent down. What a beautiful view
in July has yet something to loo
to. It is so beautifully located
shades well shaded with magnificent
main street, running parallel with
affords the visitor such beautiful
it should be visited by every one
not yet realized how very beautiful
our Michigan towns are. At the
tergenal place of Mr. Charles F. Moore
in the crowd, and Mr. and Mrs. Ph
the FARMER representative were
ding toward his farm and residence
his farm is only a few blocks from
street of St. Clair, and next to
riding stables of Mr. Mark Hopkins
easily rolling, soil of all varieties,
ing clay to a sandy loam, and even
ry ridges. It consists of about 180
on both sides of the road, and is
noted to stock-raising. Mr. Moore is
another magnificent barn to his al
farm buildings, a proceeding nec
cessary by the rapid increase of his
shorthorns. The stables as arrang
will meet the approval of pr
They are roomy, well lighted
dilapidated, and the arrangements for
fearing for the stock excellent. Th
his for lighting are provided with
allows them to be darkened
ventilation. In the stables we found
the and the bulls, which are turne
the air cools off in the aftern
cows and heifers were all in the
breeding stock. The herd at pr
consists of 34 head of females, divided
Roses; 15; Victorias; 3; Oxford
ages. 2. Besides these are the bull
of Erie 44183, and three Kirklingv
which, which are owned in company
John P. Sanborn, of Port Huron.
re has also the young bulls 4th an
Rose Dukes, and a red
out of the Oxford Vanish
chased at the McPherson
Barrington cow, Countess of Ba
10th, is the one purchased at the
at Dexter Park last fall, and she is
fine. She is in calf to Mr. Attri
nd Duke of Ridgewood 69905. The
bred by the Duke of Devonshire
ported by Mr. Attri. She was dam
of Gloster 7th (99735), her share
posed of Barrington 8th by Duke o
ter 2d (36023). This cow is a pr
breeder, and should lay the found
a family of Barringtons in this
ch will be second to none in breed
he Kirklevington, a family to wh
is very partial, is represented by
d, namely, Kirklevington Duchess
mp. Kirklevington Duke (41768),
Kirklevington Duchess 5th, by 2d
Rowley (38441); Kirklevington Du
by Duke of Hillsdale 43439, of
Kirklevington Duchess 8th by Kirkle
e (41768); and Kirklevington Du
also by Duke of Hillsdale 43439,
Kirklevington Duchess 10th 43439.